II.

Shall I melodious pris'ners take
From out the linnet's neſt,
And not keep buſy care awake,
To cheriſh ev'ry gueſt.

III.

What ſhall I whip in cruel wrath
The ſteed that bears me ſafe,
Or 'gainſt the dog, who plights his troth,
For faithful ſervice chaſe.

IV.

In the deep waters throw thy bread,
Which thou ſhalt find again,
With God's good intereſt on thy head,
And pleaſure for thy pain.

V.

Let thine induſtrious Silk-worms reap
Their wages to the full,
Nor let neglected Dormice ſleep
To death within thy wool.

VI.

Know when the froſty weather comes,
'Tis charity to deal
To Wren and Redbreaſt all thy crumbs,
The remnant of thy meal.

VII.

Tho' theſe ſome ſpirits think but light,
And deem indifferent things;
Yet they are ſerious in the ſight
Of CHRIST, the King of kings.